

the service of Christ and of souls. This subject comes home to us both by a *negative* and a *positive* appeal. Would we stand before God, in the great burning day, and lift up our hands in eternity's blazing light, unstained with the blood of murdered souls, we must resolve to do our duty! If we would mark our foot-steps with usefulness, through the world, as did the preachers of the gospel, and give a grateful church occasion to write an affectionate epitaph upon our tombstones—we must begin anew the great business of being co-workers with God in the kingdom of his Son. If we intend to obey God, and come up to the expectations of the church, and disappoint the wishes of wicked men and baser spirits, we shall commence the work anew of becoming emphatically the ministers of the New Testament. If we would hereafter be planted as stars in the firmament of the third heaven, and shine in holiness, amidst the living sapphire that forms the canopy above the brightness of the throne—we must be baptized afresh with the spirit of our Master, and begin to work as men who believe in the threatenings; in God, and heaven, and hell! It is a part of divine record, that "*they that be wise,*" &c. Dan. xii 5,

And is another motive necessary? I feel that motive as it comes up in the voice which issues from the grave yards where many of our brethren sleep who were in the field of labor, at the meeting of the last General Assembly! Death has gone on in the work of desolation in our ranks, during the last year. He has numbered with his sleeping victims some of the most venerable and beloved ministers of our church. These providences admonish us of our duty, and ought to quicken us in its performance. While the voice from heaven proclaims, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them"—the voice from the coffin and the tomb crying in our ears, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." May these united appeals of death and heaven, reach every minister's heart, and every christian's heart, and every penitent sinner's heart in this congregation—that when these heads of ours shall press upon their last pillows, we may look up and say, "*Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.*" Amen.

THE END.

ERATA.

Page 9 line 3 for *desire* read *desert*.